

opportunities which he had not the wisdom to improve, and lavished luxuries which he lacked the good taste to enjoy with moderation.

With the melodramatic buffoonery of Falstaff he combined the sinister intrigues of Dunstan, yet without the redeeming virtues of the Ideal on the one hand or the genius of the real hero on the other. He was rash, and yet not brave; he was defiant, and yet not courageous;

HE WAS A BULLY WITHOUT PROWESS;
a champion without a belt and without battle. He

He trusted to the plausibility of his tale, and his fighting for him. With this as another Aladdin he expected to unlock dungeons, to defy courts, to pervert law and transform society into a carnival of debauch, where he might gratify his selfish lusts without hindrance or stint. And much of this he realized. He saw legislators at his feet, made obsequious with gold. He put the emerald into his pocket to be used at his convenience and according to his whim. He bought up such of the legal profession as he deemed suited to his purpose. And if he had said

ANY USE AT ALL FOR THE CLERGY

Heaven only knows what he might have done in their needy ranks. It is really fearful to contemplate the example of a man who is willing first to steal a fortune and then increase it *ad infinitum* with unscrupulous measures of bribery and corruption—who shrinks not from invading the most sacred precincts with his guilty subsidies—who looks at the appliers of State as so many shaven

to be sold to the highest bidder—who has no interest in anything which cannot be bought with money—who expects honor and virtue and intellect and power to forswear themselves

AT THE BARE SUGGESTION OF A BRIBE, and to esteem it their highest privilege, as well as their greatest good, to play the harlequin at the feet of wealth. And all this we have in the

The circumstances which conspired to promote him were as rare as his abuse of them was flagrant. His history is a prodigy of contradictions; his advancement like the magic of fable—now an ignorant and stupid boy—now a fantastic pedler, with tinselled wagons and gaudy teams—now a Boston merchant—now from bankruptcy leaping to the summit of wealth.

to the summit of Wall Street notoriety, and throwing cloud and panic over the money market by one of the most daring schemes in the history of speculation—now, behold! by subtle craft and romantic incident, at the head of one of the largest railroad corporations in the world; conducting law-suits involving millions;

SUBSIDIZING LEGISLATURES;
 conniving with assistants and politicians; ogling

conviving with statesmen and politicians, dazzling beauty and fashion with his gewgaws; rivaling kings with his gems; toying with the fortunes and interests of communities plundered by his fraud

IN GUILTY LETTERS TO A PARANOUR,
and dying at the hands of an assassin who was but his compeer in crime. And all this in a short life of forty years. Truly it was a strange life. It may, under the hallucination of success and the

stimulus of abjection, have seemed right unto him; but it was really a "Comedy of Errors." It began in folly; it continued in deception; it ended in death. It was a splendid farce. There was but one scene in it that was genuine, and that was the bloody tragedy of its close. That, indeed, is too terrible to contemplate, and turns whatever of bitterness we may have felt at his wrong-doings into

THE TENDERNESS OF PITY FOR HIS LOSS,
For it was but too signal an illustration of the text,
"That there is a way that seemeth right with a
man, but the end thereof is death." This man made
a mistake but too common among the youth of the
present time—viz., the mistake of following inclination.
Man was never intended to be the creature of
desire, but of reason. The Creator, who gave to
the human mind the power of reasoning, intended

the beast instinct, has given to him the moral sense. And for man to ignore the latter and adhere to the former would indicate either that God had erred or that His creature had sinned. We accept the latter horn of the dilemma, and contend that to be controlled by appetite and sense is both brutal and sinful in a being so highly endowed as man. Following inclinations: Indeed, one must be under a delusion to suppose

HIS SPONTANEOUS DESIRES
will point out or lead to his chief good. The experience of the world proves the contrary. Gluttony, drunkenness, debility, disease, premature age, untimely death, all come of the suggestion and leading of our inclination. Does a man never want food in quantity or in kind which will be harmful to him? Does he ever want to eat and drink more than his

Does he have thirst for poison? Does not his inclination lead him to expose his health, spend his fortune, injure his reputation and invite a climax of sorrow for an incipency of delight? Why this is the daily history of the race! Inclinations! why, our inclination is our evil genius. But for that man would have no difficulty in securing his everlasting good. It is just at this point that the evidence of the fall stings at me and

SIN SHAKES ITS DEATH'S HEAD AND CROSS BONES. This is the symbol and the seal of our frailty. This is the hand that unbars the sluice that whelms the soul with ruin. Not to follow inclination is to take the first off turn in the road simply because it is smooth and broad and beautiful. Because flowers bloom along its course, and music regales it, and pleasure charms it, and fashion frequents it,

Although at the end there is a pit deeper than the grave,
GOING DOWN TO THE CHAMBERS OF HELL.
 Following inclination is the heaven of the voluptuary, but not the paradise of a man. It is the Utopia of an epicurian, but not the goal of a brave heart battling for the right. It is the plea of cowards,

THE RETREAT OF SENSUALISTS,
the code of those supine creatures who present
the unmeaning paradox of a life without purpose
and a soul without principle. It is not your business,
young men; it is not your duty nor your destiny
to be poisoned and perverted by this false notion. It
is not yours to leap upon the stream and fold your
hands and close your eyes, unaware that the roar of

the mad waters fell of the cataract below. It is not yours to lie down

IN BEDS OF ROSES AND SPICES

and sleep through your dream of death while the house burns over your head. It is not yours to lie passive and placid in the arms of sense until your eyes blind you and your heart deceives you and your manhood dies in a chill of indifference. No! It is

ours rather be noble and useful and good. To combat inclination for the sake of right. To deny and restrain desire that conscience may live and breathe freely. To bring the life under the mastery of the will and the guide of reason. To consider destiny at its ultimatum as well as at its beginning. To take in the whole scope of responsibility and capacity and labor, and struggle and suffer, if need

be, to honor one and to discharge the other; looking ever unto that Divine and supernatural force which assures that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

My brother, where are you to-day? Whither has inclination led you? What are

THOSE SCARS ON YOUR SOUL?

Whence comes those sad recollections of sorrow and of grief? How come those feelings of

And defeat? Why are you so feeble and fearful to-day as you review the dark experience of the past? Does it not all come of following incarnation? Did you not nestle like spoiled children in the arms of fortune? Did you not smile and dance to the lullabys of sense? Did you roll along in the chariot of indulgence until a rough place in the road gave you a sudden jolt and brought you to yourself, and you looked back and regretted

“WHAT A FOOL I HAVE BEEN!”
Oh! I tell you, you are not merely driftwood in a stream, neither ships built and rigged and launched with all the appurtenances of navigation except a helm, and therefore at the mercy of the elements; but
CHAFFS BUILT BY GOD AND FREIGHTED WITH IMMORTALITY.

to sail out gloriously on the voyage of life—when the winds are fair to sail with them; but when adverse to defy them. To make the course onward for the right and upward to the skies regardless of all opposing forces, until you hear

THE TRUMPETS RINGING ON THE HILLS OF HEAVEN
and the multitude of saints shouting you welcome,
and the calm harbor of peace, which is the bosom

of Jehovah, opens unto you a sure and perpetual mooring.

11. Again, this man made that other too prevalent mistake of our age, and especially of our land—viz., a determination to be rich—unconditionally to be rich—and when a young man so determines he is already half ruined. If "the love of money is the root of all evil," then that desire for it which

There are two grades or phases of money loving—the love of money for the having, and

THE LOVE OF MONEY FOR THE SPENDING.

In these we have represented the miser and the voluptuary. And it matters little, although these

roads are quick divergent, which one a man may take. In either case he is lost, for avarice shrivels the soul, as leaves are shrivelled in the frosty winds, and voluptuousness destroys both body and soul. It is this money loving in some form which from the beginning has so much helped to unjoin society and breed strife in the human breast. Money itself is good, a little of it is useful; but the

A CANCER IN THE HEART.
is a pebble in the eye, both perverting the vision and destroying the life. It is the bane of the world. Kings have bartered their thrones to get it, Senators have sold their franchises to procure it; conquerors have sacked cities and pillaged provinces and reddened their track with the blood of the innocent

and the help-as to obtain it. Honor and culture have sometimes sold out to it; VIRTUE HAS PAUSED TO LISTEN TO ITS SEDUCTIONS, at first tempted, then dazzled, then ruined. It has been the snare of youth, the divinity of manhood and the blight of old age. It has invaded the peace of the domestic circle; it has transgressed the sanctity of the Church; it has riven hearts whom

God joined together; it has left the poor to die in sight of its possessions, has denied bread to the hungry beggar and help to the starving orphan and hesitated not to take the widow's mite for a pledge and to stain its hands with the blood of the unwary for the accomplishment of its purposes,

"O Money, thy dread glare," &c.

There is nothing more illusory than this love of

There is nothing more to be gained by this way of life. It is one of those ways along the path of life which almost always seem right unto a man, especially if he be successful. A wounded conscience is soon healed by a successful speculation. "The end appears to sanctify the means." A man who will repine over a lingering disease that distresses him, will comfort himself over

This love becomes a monomania. Here is a man who seems to love his family; he is gentle and indulgent at home; his friends of the domestic circle look upon him as the best of men; and yet he devours widows' houses; he devises fraud for his neighbors; he even defaults and purloins the treasures which confiding candor has entrusted to his keeping.

HE WAS NOT A MISER, BUT A DEBAUCHER.